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ANECDOTES OF PROMINENT
PEOPLE.

 Father Ducey is laughingly relating a recent experience of his. He was walking along Fourth avenue when he saw a little boy crying bitterly. He stopped to inquire the cause of the

"What ails you, boy? Why are you crying so hard?"

"Because mother's gone to heaven," sobbed the child.

"Oh, don't fret so," replied the woman consolingly, "sure maybe she has."

"Whenever I hear a man who is

careful of the details of his evidence said A. S. L. Shields, the criminal lawyer of Philadelphia, "I am reminded of the experience of a certain friend of mine, and watch to catch tripping. The friend I refer to had to either the lodge or his club at night, and when he came home it was sma' hours he thought he would allay the suspicions of his wife by

"'Yes, dear,' the wife replied, 'is some in the pantry.'
" 'Is it tied up in anything?' my friend a bit uncertainly, 'or just lying around loose?'"

“One of my constituents showed me other day what it is to have pre of mind,” said George D. McC who represents the Sixth congress district of Pennsylvania. “A pa my district is the Twenty-second of Philadelphia, better known to as Germantown. The man I spee was returning home in the dark

trode on a loose board that covered an empty well in his yard. Down he fell and as the well was about ten feet deep, he could not climb out. He did not relish the idea of staying the night, so, after a moment's thought, began to shout 'Fire!' at the top of his voice. Windows were thrown open and some one ran to the alarm bell. The alarm was sounded and the fire department sent in the alarm. When the fire

arrived they found no sign of fire. They still heard the frantic cries. At last a stalwart fireman found the man in the well, and, lowering a fire bucket, dragged him out.

"What do you mean by shouting 'Fire'?" demanded the fireman in an angry voice.

"Oh," said my friend, "it is all now for I am rescued. But who is the man?"

Ex-Gov. Bob Taylor of Tenn. tells of an exasperating incident occurred on one of his election tours. He was billed to speak at a band, a station on the Southern way, one afternoon, and at Ben-

mountain town thirty miles distant the next afternoon. Benton was reached only by private conveyance. After the speaking at Cleveland concluded, the governor and his traveling companion, the Hon. James Bible, decided to start that evening part of the way, spend the night at some farmer's, and so reach Benton the morrow in time to give the

nor a much-needed rest before turning him to begin speaking. When he reached the home of a well-to-do farmer, about dusk, he gladly welcomed such a prominent guest as the governor.

Upon supper being announced the guests and family of seven saw the governor noticed the meat pie contained just seven pieces of innards.

looking country ham, and, as his head sharpened his appetite, he almost taste the ham while he was bowed in honor of the "grace Bible" was saying. Immediately raising his head at the complete Bible's thanks "for the bountiful Thou hast set before us," he saw consternation that the seven pig ham were reposing in tempting

J. P. Morgan is easily the most

derous, impressive individual in street's category of big men. And who has ever talked to him will relate the feelings of a certain clerk who recently was sent to Morgan on business for his firm: the clerk's return one of the clerks in the office asked: "Well, Harry, what did you feel talking to Morgan?"

The late Amos Cummings of York used to tell this story of his assignment as a newspaper reporter. He was sent out to write up a student where an Irish hodcarrier was injured in a fall from a building.

"What's his name?" asked Cumment of one of the officers, at the same time pulling out his pad and pen.

The Irishman heard him, and turning him for the timekeeper on the exclaimed, with a look of disgust, "His name is trouble enough to find."

stories without being docked for a few moments I lose gold' to the tai'?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

are made for her by the British Foreign Blind association of London. Single books come by mail, but bundles come by freight. The customs agents at the postoffice have learned to let the books go through, for they are not subject to duty, but when magazines come by freight through shipping agents, then the red tape begins off the custom house reel.

The other day a bundle of Wordsworth's poems in four languages of braille came to Boston signed to Miss Keller by freight London. The shipping agent gave Miss Keller a long document to which they must present to the customs officer and in which it was forth that there was nothing of value, dark or dutiable in the bundle. Miss Keller signed the document.

She always writes with the pen she has never used ink; for when she follows the point across the paper with the forefinger of her left hand and it is evident that anything written with the pencil would blot.

But this time the pencil would do. The next morning out rushed the clerk to Miss Keller's house and

"She never uses ink," explained servant who met him at the door.
"But she must. This paper must be signed in ink."
"She cannot sign it in ink."
"Is she at home?"
"Yes."
"Then ask her to sign it in ink."
"I tell you she never uses ink."

So the dialogue went on until clerk went away, muttering, "So very strange."

This was not the last of the day after appeared a clerk notary, before whom Miss Keller put her signature.

